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"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"

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Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

**ELECTRIC
Spot
Reducer**

Spot Reducer

Relaxing · Soothing
Penetrating Massage



U.S. GOVERNMENT
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING
by massage you SPOT REDUCE with
or without electricity—do so with the
aid in the relief of pains for which
massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simply lie comfortably, plug in, grasp handle and apply treat most any part of the body—neck, face, chest, back, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased sustained blood circulation carries away waste materials you require and keeps it better and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSAGE AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's less relaxing the way it not only helps you relax and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly is beautiful! And when you will be thankful you own AC 110 volt. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postage \$1.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship manager prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW.

SEND ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW

ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Help your sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be added by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT
OR NO CHARGE**

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, backs, etc. The same method used by druggists, screen and radio personalities and leading approved spas. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

**SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-215
310 Market St., Newark, New Jersey**

Please send me the SPOT REDUCER by 10 day trial period. I enclose \$1, upon receipt I will pay balance only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I will return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for instant refund of full purchase price.
☐ I enclose \$9.95, send Deluxe Model

Name

Address

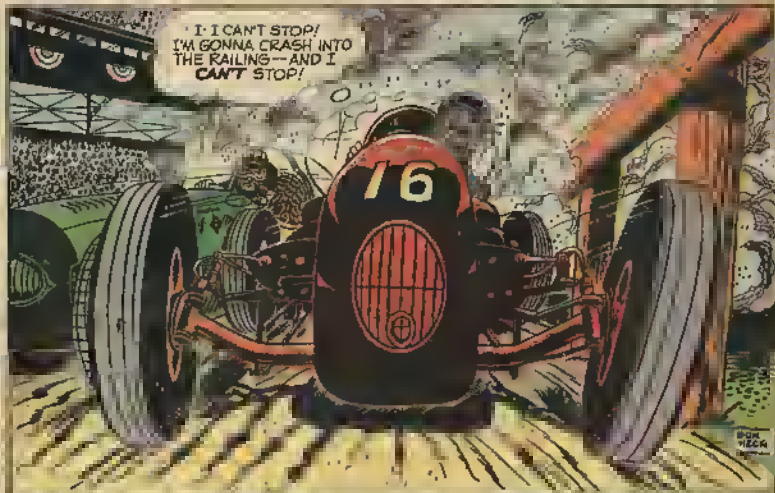
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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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I: I CAN'T STOP!
I'M GONNA CRASH INTO
THE RAILING--AND I
CAN'T STOP!

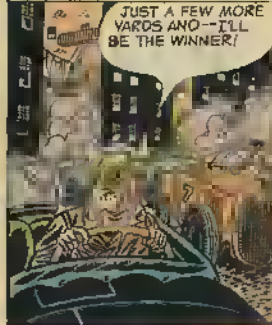


YOU'RE BEHIND THE
WHEEL OF A ROARING
DEATH TRAP ON WHEELS
THAT IS DOING OVER
150 MILES AN HOUR!
BEHIND YOU IS A GUY
THAT IS SWORN TO GET
YOU! SUDDENLY, YOUR
TIRE COMES LOOSE
AND YOU GRIP THE
STEERING WHEEL
HARD! BETWEEN YOU
AND DEATH IS NOTHING
BUT...

SPEED

IT BEGAN A FEW YEARS BACK,
JIM DANIELS LOVED JALOPY
OF HIS LIKE A FATHER WOULD
A SON! IT WAS HIS--HIS TO DRIVE
--HIS TO RIVAL OTHERS--HIS TO
WIN WITH!

JUST A FEW MORE
YARDS AND--I'LL
BE THE WINNER!

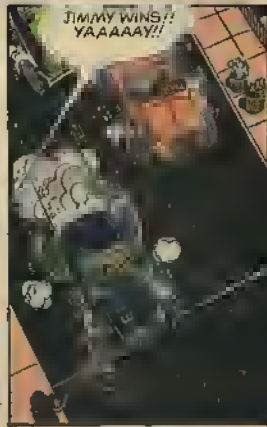


COME ON!
COME ON!
JIMMY IS
AHEAD! OH--
HURRY!
HURRY!

THAT A
BOY, JIM!



JIMMY WINS!!
YAAAAAY!!



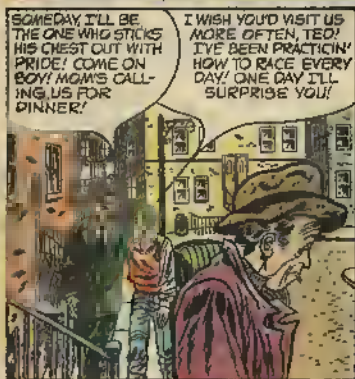


TED! LOOK!
I WON! I
WON! HA HA...



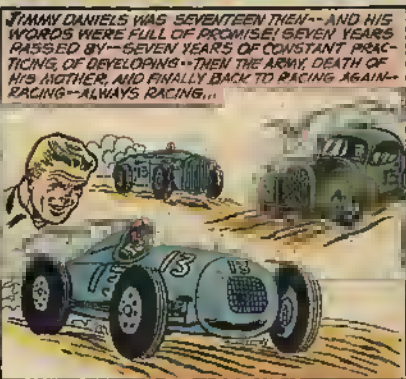
YEAH, KID! YOU REALLY
DID! YOU DRIVE THAT HOT
ROD OF YOURS BETTER
THAN SOME OF THE
GUYS AT THE TRACK!

YOU REALLY THINK SO,
TED! GEE! ALL I WANT
TO DO IS BE LIKE YOU!
YOU'RE THE GREATEST
RACER IN THE
COUNTRY!



SOMEDAY I'LL BE
THE ONE WHO STICKS
HIS CHEST OUT WITH
PRIDE! COME ON
BOY! MOM'S CALL-
ING US FOR
DINNER!

I WISH YOU'D VISIT US
MORE OFTEN, TED!
I'VE BEEN PRACTICIN'
HOW TO RACE EVERY
DAY! ONE DAY I'LL
SURPRISE YOU!



JIMMY DANIELS WAS SEVENTEEN THEN-- AND HIS
WORDS WERE FULL OF PROMISE! SEVEN YEARS
PASSED BY-- SEVEN YEARS OF CONSTANT PRACTIC-
ING, OF DEVELOPING-- THEN THE ARMY, DEATH OF
HIS MOTHER, AND FINALLY BACK TO RACING AGAIN--
RACING-- ALWAYS RACING...

TED DANIELS, HIS
ELDER BROTHER,
WAS STILL ONE OF
THE TOP RACERS IN
THE COUNTRY, BUT
HE WAS A SICK
MAN, AND PEGGY,
HIS WIFE TRIED
TO KEEP HIM
AWAY FROM THE
TRACK. THEN ONE
DAY... JIM RECEIVED
CALL...

CAME AS FAST
AS I COULD!
WHAT'S WRONG
PEGGY? WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

OH, JIM! TED-- WOULDN'T
LISTEN TO ME! PAUL
LANSER BEGGED HIM
TO RACE THAT NEW CAR
OF HIS! TED STILL CAN'T
REFUSE ANYTHING FOR
A FRIEND! AND--

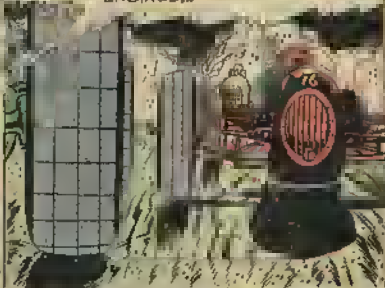
AND-- HE'S OUT
THERE-- WITH A
BAD HEART!!!



JIM--LOOK! TED'S
BEING CROWDED!! OH,
TED--TED! WATCH OUT!!



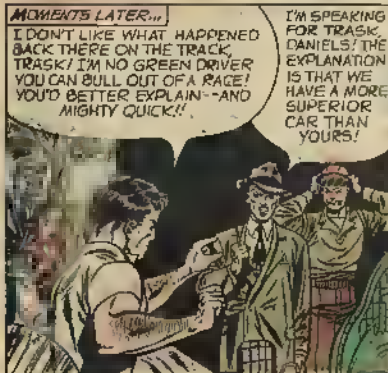
CAR 97 WINS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
DRIVEN BY NORM TRASK FOR VINCE COREY
OF UNITED MOTOR PRODUCTS! TED DANIELS
IN CAR 16 IS SECOND FOR PAUL LANSER
ENGINES...



MOMENTS LATER...

I DON'T LIKE WHAT HAPPENED
BACK THERE ON THE TRACK,
TRASK! I'M NO GREEN DRIVER
YOU CAN BULL OUT OF A RACE!
YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN--AND
MIGHTY QUICK!!

I'M SPEAKING
FOR TRASK,
DANIELS! THE
EXPLANATION
IS THAT WE
HAVE A MORE
SUPERIOR
CAR THAN
YOURS!

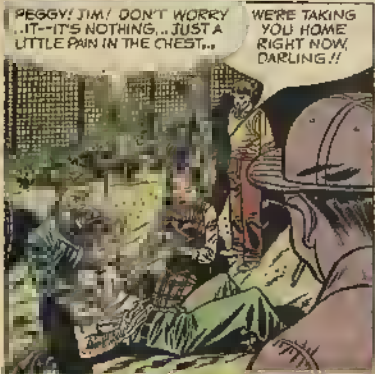


THAT'S A LIE, YOU CROWDED ME RIGHT OUT
OF WINNING THE FLAG! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
HONEST PEOPLE DEAL WITH GUYS LIKE... UGH...



PEGGY! JIM! DON'T WORRY
...IT--IT'S NOTHING... JUST A
LITTLE PAIN IN THE CHEST...

WE'RE TAKING
YOU HOME
RIGHT NOW,
DARLING!!



REMEMBER THIS, COREY--
YOU ALMOST KILLED MY
BROTHER! AND I'LL PAY
YOU BACK FOR IT BECAUSE
I'LL BE DRIVING HIS CAR AT
THE PRELIMINARIES!

GO AHEAD!
YOU'RE REALLY
SCARING ME,
KID! HA, HA...



WEEKS LATER,
JIM DANIELS
WAITED GRIMLY
FOR THE START-
ING BUZZER.
THREE WORRIED
PEOPLE WERE
GATHERED AROUND
HIM--TED, PEGGY,
AND PAUL JENSEN.

LOOK, JIM...
FORGET ABOUT
MY CAR. YOUR
LIFE COMES
FIRST!

PAUL'S RIGHT, JIM!
COREY AND HIS BOYS
WILL **DO ANYTHING**
TO PUT THEIR NEW
CAR DESIGN OVER
THE FINISH LINE
FIRST!

THAT'S JUST
WHY I'M
RACING!

WHILE SOME YARDS AWAY...
JIM DANIELS MAY QUEER UP
THE WORKS, NORM! THIS RACE
ISN'T JUST A TEST, ANYMORE!
THE PRELIMINARY QUALIFIES
A GUY FOR THE SPEEDWAY
AND PAYDIRT!

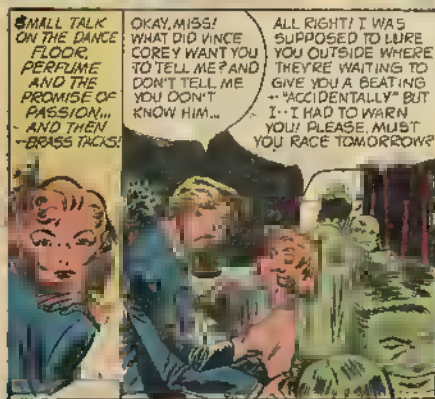
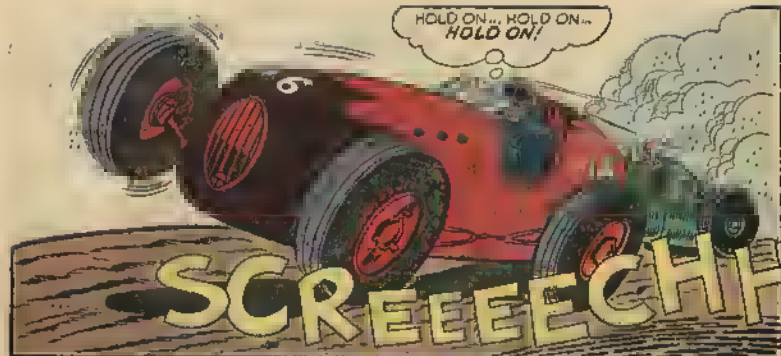
I'LL
HANDLE
THAT
PUNK
BOSS!

**THE LINE-UP--A HUNDRED HOPES--QUICKENING
HEARTS--ELECTRIC SILENCE--AND THEN THE
STARTING FLAG--!**

THEY'RE OFF!
HERE THEY GO!

I'VE GOT TO WIN THIS RACE! ALL MY LIFE--
RACING--AND NOW--THIS IS IT! TED, PEGGY
--THE REST--DEPEND ON ME! IT'S NOT
ONLY FOR THE PURSE--BUT TO BEAT A
CROOK LIKE COREY!! **I GOTTA WIN!!**





A HASTY GOOD NIGHT TO FRIENDS, A PRETTY GIRL ON HIS ARM, AND JIM DANIELS WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT-- AND TO DANGER!

PLEASE, JIM--
THEY'RE
DESPERATE!

SHHH
LINDA...
HERE
THEY
COME!!

OKAY GET
HIM, GUYS!
I'LL--OOOFF!

SORRY TO INCONVEN-
IENCE YOU BOYS--
BUT IT'S WAY PAST MY
SLEEPING HOUR!

MOMENTS LATER...

HURRY
JIM--
H-HURRY!

OKAY! GET INTO
THIS CAB! THEY'RE
TOO MANY TO KEEP
DOWN PERMANENTLY
...BUT THEY LEARNED
THEIR LESSON!

A HAD RIDE--SAFETY, MURMURED WORDS, SUDDENLY--ROMANCE SWIFT AND BLISSFUL!

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING,
BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE QUITE
A GIRL! AND I'M NOT
LETTING YOU OUT OF MY
SIGHT AGAIN!

JIM--
OH,
JIM...

CHEE!
--JUST
LIKE
THE
MOVIE.

THAT
NEXT DAY,
THE
SUSPENSE
BEGAN!
ZOOMING
CARS--
THOUSANDS
OF EYES--
FANTASTIC
STAKES--
A SHOUTING
CROWD!

THIS WAS THE
BIG RACE--
THE SPEED-
WAY OF
DREAMS
--THE
SPEEDWAY
OF DEATH!



AND THAT'S THE WHOLE
STORY, TED I'VE GOT-
TEN MY FATHER INTO
TROUBLE NOW BE-
CAUSE COREY HAS
PROBABLY MAILED
HIS EVIDENCE TO
THE POLICE! BUT
I-I COULDN'T
SEE JIM--!

DON'T WORRY,
HONEY! FROM YOUR
STORY, YOUR DAD
IS INNOCENT! AND
I HAVE A FEELING
THAT HE'S GOING TO
BE IN A JAM-- AFTER
THIS RACE!!

MEANWHILE AT THE RACING PITS...

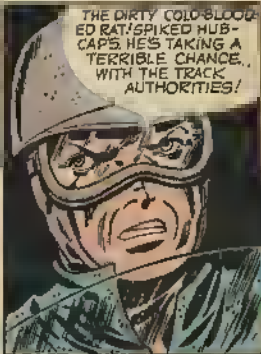
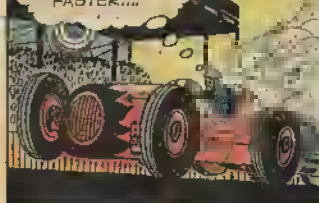
I CAN'T GET AHEAD
OF THAT GUY! HE'S
RACING LIKE A
DEMON!

YOU'LL GET AHEAD ALL-
RIGHT! LOU-- PUT ON THOSE
SPIKED HUB CAPS! HE'S
GONNA GET A BLOWOUT--
BUT FAST!!



SEVENTY-EIGHT COMPLETED TURNS
--SEVENTY-NINE- EIGHTY- NINETY-
TWO...THE AMOUNT PILED UP--AND
WITH EACH TURN--EACH ROARING,
ZIG-ZAGGING MACHINE--DEATH
FLEW WITH IT--DEATH, SUSPENSE
AND HIGH ADVENTURE...

TRASK IS GAINING
ON ME!! FASTER--
FASTER....

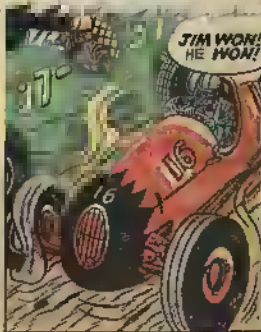


THE DIRTY COLD-BLOOD-
ED RAT! SPIKED HUB-
CAPS. HE'S TAKING A
TERRIBLE CHANCE.
WITH THE TRACK
AUTHORITIES!

LOOK OUT!!
OHHHH--THEY'RE
CRASHING INTO
EACH OTHER!!



JIM DANIELS-- HAS COME IN
FIRST! NORM TRASK-- SEC-
OND--PETE DURSTON-- THIRD!



JIM WON!
HE WON!

OH, DARLING--
YOU WON--!

NEVER MIND THAT! GET THE
POLICE! COREY AND TRASK
ARE THROUGH! SPIKED HUB-
CAPS ARE THE SAME AS MUR-
DERING A GUY WITH GUNS AND
KNIVES IN MY BOOK!!



LATER...

JIM-- JIM DEAR,
YOU'RE THE
GREATEST RACER
IN THE COUNTRY!

I'VE WAITED SEVEN YEARS TO
HEAR THOSE WORDS, DEAR-
EST!--BUT WHAT MATTERS, IS
THAT I FOUND YOU! COREY'S
FINISHED--YOUR FATHER
WILL BE CLEARED, I'M SURE
--BECAUSE I'LL STICK UP
FOR MY WIFE'S POP
ANYTIME!



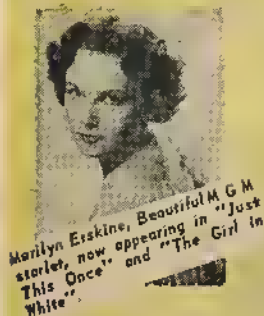
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Name _____

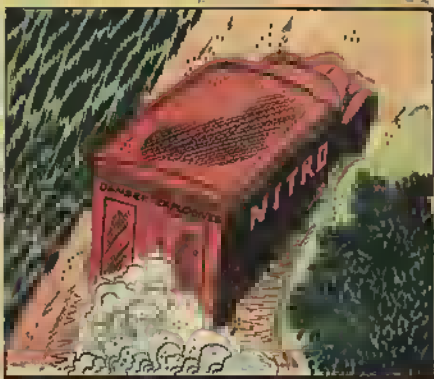
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



YOU'RE THE DRIVER OF A LARGE TRAILER TRUCK SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY. ONE SMALL BUMPS ONE SLIGHT JAR, AND THE CARGO YOU CARRY MIGHT BLAST YOU SKY HIGH! YOU CAN NEVER RELAX. YOU'RE NOT DOING IT FOR THE MONEY... BUT YOU'RE PLAINLY STICKING OUT YOUR NECK! THEN COMES A THUMP THUMP THUMPING AND YOU KNOW THAT IT'S A LOOSE CASE OF...

NITRO-GLYCERINE

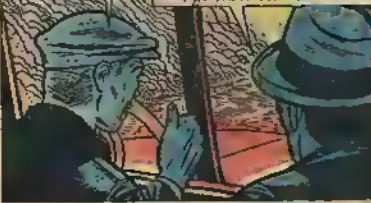




STEVE WINTER'S LOOKED AT HIS CO-DRIVER AND CROOKY POP TAYLOR, THE LATTER WASN'T FEELING TOO WELL. NOR WAS HE FOR THAT MATTER! IT WAS A MIRACLE THEY WERE STILL ALIVE! IT WAS A MIRACLE THEY COULD TALK SO SOON....

POP! YOU ALL RIGHT? I THOUGHT WE'D BE GONERS! I'M STILL SHAKY!

STEVE... THAT NITRO BACK THERE SHOULD HAVE BLOWN US SKY-HIGH, BUT IT DIDN'T! THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS! NOW LET'S GET OUT AND FIX THAT TIRE!



HOURS LATER AT THE PLANT, REPORTING IN WITH THEIR CARS, STEVE AND POPS STAGGERED OUT THROUGH THE EXIT, THEIR HAZARDOUS TASK DONE. THE PRETTY GIRL WAITING OUTSIDE, RAN FORWARD TO MEET THEM...

OH DAD... DAD... YOU'RE BACK AGAIN! I ALMOST WENT CRAZY WITH WORRY WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME IN ON SCHEDULE!

THERE... THERE, GINNY, WE WERE JUST DELAYED A BIT! YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE...



HEY, DUMPLING! REMEMBER ME?

STEVE DARLING... PLEASE DON'T JOKE WITH ME THIS TIME! I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO QUIT YOUR JOBS RIGHT NOW! THE EXTRA PAY ISN'T WORTH IT! MY FATHER, AND MY FIANCE 'NITRO-NURSES? IT'S NOT FAIR TO ME!



SURE, GINNY! GIVE IT TO EM! MAKE 'EM QUIT! MOLLY FELT THE SAME WAY FOR WE GOT MARRIED. THAT WAS SOME THREE YEARS AGO! WELL... I'LL BE DOING WHAT SHE WANTS AFTER THIS HAUL!



LARRY, YOU OL' WAR HORSE! CONGRATULATIONS! HEY! YOU GONNA OPEN A BANK WITH ALL OF THAT DINERO YOU MADE? HA, HA, HA!



GET HIM! LISTEN, BOB! THAT DOUGH WENT LIKE WATER. WHAT WITH THE KID, HOUSE, DOCTOR-BILLS, AND SUCH! BUT I FINALLY NETTED MYSELF A DESK JOB! SO LONG, FOLKS! SEE YOU IN A FEW DAY!

THIS ONLY BOLSTERED GINNY'S ARGUMENT! THE TWO TRUCKERS WALKED TOWARDS HER CAR, JOKING AND LISTENING TO HER HALF HEARTEDLY ABOUT CUTTING, WHEN....

GOOD HEAVENS! W-WHAT WAS THAT?



IT'S TOO SMALL A NOISE TO BE A PLANT POP-OFF! SO IT'S GOT TO BE...

...A TRUCK! AND NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE! COME ON!



MINUTES LATER, STEVE AND HIS COMPANIONS ARRIVED ON A SCENE ETCHED WITH HORROR! ALREADY A LARGE CROWD HAD FORMED. THEY WERE MET BY THEIR BOSS LANK LANE...

WHO... WHO WAS IT, HANK?

LARRY BAYLISS! I WAS SITTING IN MY OFFICE WRITING OUT THE SCHEDULES. WHEN I HEARD IT! IT'S PRETTY BAD, STEVE! IT'S A WONDER HE'S STILL ALIVE!



BUCK UP, LARRY! YOU'LL BE O.K. IN NO TIME! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

EVERYTHING FINE... JUST LIKE COZ-ENS O' TIMES BEFORE... LIT A MATCH... EXPLOSION... FUNNY THOUGH... SMELLED GASO-LINE FIRST... I MY WIFE... TELL HER. I... LOVE... OH HHH...



HE'S DEAD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WE WERE TALKING TO HIM MINUTES AGO!

YEAH! THAT'S TOO BAD! THAT'S REAL TOUGH!



THE MEN WHIRLED AROUND AT THE SOUND OF THE VOICE. FRANK CORWIN, THEIR HATED RIVAL, HEAD OF ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS NITRO-DELIVERY OUTFITS IN THE ENTIRE TERRITORY!

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE ON PRIVATE GROUNDS, CORWIN!

JUST PASSING BY, LANE! LOOKS LIKE I'LL GET THAT GOVERNMENT CONTRACT NOW. WHAT WITH YOUR BOY OUTTA COMMISSION! HA!



GET OUT YOU LEECHING SKUNK... AND TAKE THOSE CHEAP HOODS WITH YOU!

NO ONE CALLS MY BOSS NAMES, BALLY! I'LL... OOOFFFE!

YOU'LL DO NOTHING!

WE'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE SECONDS TO TAKE OFF, BIG MOUTH! THREE SECONDS... OR WE'LL TAR AND FEATHER YOU CHARACTERS WITH PLEASURE!

OKAY, TOUGH GUY! BUT REMEMBER THIS! I'LL EVEN THE SCORE ONE DAY WITH ALL OF YOU! AND ONE MORE THING! THAT CONTRACT NOW HAPPENS TO BE MINE! DON'T CROSS ME!



IS THAT TRUE... ABOUT THE CONTRACT, HANK?

PARTLY, STEVE! LARRY AS OUR SENIOR DRIVER, WAS TO RACE ONE OF CORWIN'S DRIVER'S TO THE ARMY PLANT WITH A CARGE CARGO OF NITRO AND THE FIRST ONE THERE WOULD HAVE GETTEN IT, NOW, WELL...

WELL... WHAT? POP AND I ARE WILLING TO MAKE A TRY AT IT! NOW ABOUT IT, HANK? LARRY'S WIDOW COULD SURE USE THE DOUGH.

OKAY, STEVE, I GUESS I'D HAVE ASKED YOU IF YOU HADN'T ASKED ME! GET PLENTY OF SLEEP! I'LL CALL THE REFEREES NOW AND EXPLAIN IT ALL!

LISTENING TO THEM, HOWEVER, WAS A PLANTED STODGE OF CORWIN, AND AN HOUR LATER AT THE RIVAL TRUCKER'S OFFICE...



I'M SURE, BOSS! THERE STARTIN' OUT AROUND 5:15 IN THE MORNING! YEAH, THAT JOB WAS WASTED ON BAYLISS...

FIX UP THOSE ~~STODGES~~ UNDERSTAND! FIX 'EM UP REAL GOOD! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A RACE FOR THEIR MONEY!



AND LATER THAT NIGHT...

LARRY: A TRUCKER USES HIS BRAKES 'BOUT A HUNDRED TIMES ON A SHORT HAUL. FIFTY PUSHES ON THESE BRAKES... AND BLOOEY... HIS WHOLE BRAKE LINES GONNA GIVE! HA... HA!



MORNING... A SMALL GROUP SILENTLY WATCH ED WINTER'S GET INTO THE TRUCK...

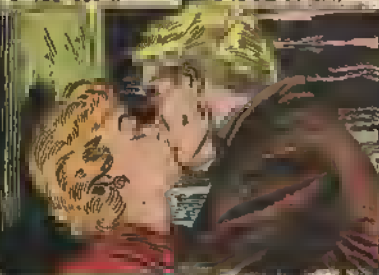
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS TO THE COMPANY, STEVE! WIN THE RACE... AND YOU'LL BE PROMOTED TO A SUPERVISOR'S JOB! THAT'S WHAT LARRY WAS GUNNING FOR! GOOD LUCK!

POP AND I WILL DO OUR BEST, HANK! THANKS!



DARLING... I... I DON'T CARE HOW THIS TURNS OUT! ALL I WANT IS THAT YOU AND FATHER COME BACK TO ME! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

THAT'S A PROMISE, HONEY! WHAT WOULD I EVER DO WITHOUT YOUR KISSES? DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE BACK!



THE RACE HAD BEGUN! FROM TWO DIFFERENT ROUTES WOULD COME TWO MONSTER TRAILER TRUCKS WITH A CARGO OF NITROGLYCERINE, EACH RACING TOWARDS A RENDEZVOUS POINT ONLY ONE COULD MAKE! THE STAKES WERE HIGH AND CARELESSNESS MEANT DEATH!



HOURS FLED BY... AND ALWAYS THAT CONSTANT
DRIVING... ALWAYS CAUTIOUS, STEADY SPEED UNTIL

THAT'S CORWIN'S LOAD, POP! SHE'S BEAT-
EN US TO THE HIGHWAY! ONLY ONE THING
TO DO! WE'RE GOING TO **PASS 'EM!**

DON'T BE FOOLISH, SON! WE'RE
DOING SIXTY NOW! WITH A FULL
CARGO THAT MEANS SUICIDE
TO TRY TO BETTER OUR SPEED!
WE'LL GET OUR CHANCE
LATER!

THEY'LL NEVER
GIVE US ANOT-
HER CHANCE
POP! HOLD ON!
HERE WE GO!



THOSE RATS
ARE TRYING
TO FREEZE
US ON THE
WRONG SIDE
OF THE ROAD!

**WATCH OUT,
THERE'S
A CAR
COMING!**



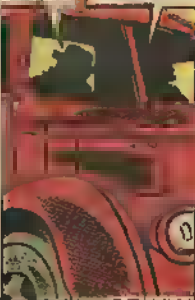
WHOW! I'M TETT-
OLD STEVE! I-I
CAN'T TAKE ANY
MORE LIKE THAT!

YOU AN' ME
BOTH! BUT AT
LEAST... WE'RE
OUT IN
FRONT!



STEVE...
DO YOU
HEAR
IT?

**HOLY SMOKE
A NITRO
CASE IS
LOOSE!!**



I'VE GOT THE WHEEL!
GET BACK THERE AND
DO SOMETHING! RUBBER
CASE OR NO, THAT THING
WILL BUST A CRATER
IN THIS ROAD SOME
TWENTY FEET DEEP!

HOW WELL I KNOW
IT! OH... OH... IT'S
REACHED THE
EDGE OF THE
MOORING...



THANK GOD
I CAUGHT IT
IN TIME!



MORE HOURS OF TWISTING AND TURNING. MORE MINUTES OF SHEER TORTURE, OF CONSTANT BRAKING AND SWEATING IT OUT AS MILE AFTER MILE SPED BY, AND FINALLY THEIR DESTINATION. ONLY A HILL WAS LEFT... ONE LARGE HILL...

I THOUGHT SPIKE FIXED THEIR BRAKE HOSE! NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET! CORWIN WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!

RELAX, NITWIT! THEIR BRAKE-LINE JUST RIPPED ON THAT LAST TURN!



CLOSER AND CLOSER CAME THE TWO TRUCKS, THE SECOND ONE OVERTAKING THE FIRST! NOW THEY WERE NECK-AND-NECK, POISED ON THE BRINK OF THE MONSTER HILL!

SO LONG, SUCKERS! YOU GUYS GOT A ONE WAY TICKET TO THE MORGUE! CORWIN DON'T GIVE UP EASILY! SPECIALLY WHEN WE GOT SUCH NICE SAFE N YOU AINT! HA... HA... HA...

STEVE! CUT THE ENGINE! DID YOU HEAR THAT? CUT THE ENGINE!!



I-I CAN'T! THE TRUCK WON'T STOP! WE HAVE NO BRAKES! THEY'VE BEEN CUT!!



HA-HA-HA-HA-HA



PUT 'ER INTO REVERSE! THAT'S IT. I'VE GOT A HOLD OF THE SAFETY BRAKE!! UGGHHH...



YOU'VE WON THAT WAS THE MOST DANGEROUS RACE I'VE EVER SEEN.

MAJOR, I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE.



WANT, STEVE! YOU'RE A SUPERVISOR NOW.. AN OFFICIAL OF THE COMPANY! LEAVE THEM FOR THE COPS!

LET THE POLICE TAKE CARE OF CORWIN AND THE REST OF HIS BOYS! AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH THESE TWO, THEY'LL SING PLENTY! AND POP... CALL UP GINNY... TELL HER WE'RE BACK!



Corporal Jose Gomez had just arrived in Korea and his first impression of the soggy, mud-clogged roads was an expressive "This place is for the birds."

Glumly, he stared at the massive lumps of stinking mud that clung to his combat boots like some odious growth. Slowly, he drew his bayonet to carve some of the mess from his feet.

"Corporal Gomez," growled an unseen voice from the interior of a tent. "Get in here on the double."

"Aw, drop dead, Egghead," muttered Gomez to himself, aloud he responded with a snappy "Aye Aye," and stepped swiftly into the tent.

"Gomez," snarled the Chief of Section, thrusting a 35MM motion picture camera into the corporal's hands. "You've been besting your gums about wanting some action. Here's an 'eyemo'. Go find the Fifth and

shoot anything that moves."

"Anything?" questioned Gomez, cocking an eyebrow.

"You heard me. I want some good combat footage," replied the sergeant. "And you're the best cameraman in the Marine Corps ... so you say."

"Check, Sarge," grinned the diminutive corporal, "now ya got the right ecoop."

"Shove off, Knucklehead," bellowed the gruff Chief of Section. "Don't come back without that footage."

Corporal Gomez turned and left the tent, a grin spreading across his face as he heard the sergeant mutter softly, "Take care of yourself, Kid."

Picking up some extra loads for his camera, the Marine photographer made his way to the swampy mire that was the road. A continuous line of vehicles streamed northward through the stinking rivers of mud, and at

COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

BY TECH. SGT. C. F. X. HOUTS-CORRESPONDENT

each driver, Gomez hurled the same question: "Hey, Mac, you going to the Fifth Marines?"

And the answers floated back from behind a spray of mud.

"Nah, I'm artillery, Eleventh Marines."

"Sorry, kid, this is the Seventh."

"Come on, Flash. I'll give you a ride," a six by six rumbled to a halt alongside the mud-splattered Gomez.

"Thanks a lot, buddy," shouted the young corporal as he swung into the seat beside the driver.

"Don't thank me, kid," grinned the other Marine. "You've just volunteered for an unloading detail."

For a while the two Leathernecks rode in silence broken only by an occasional curse as the driver fought the wheel to keep the heavily laden truck on the mud-submerged road. Gomez lighted two cigarettes and handed one to the driver.

"How's things in your sector?" he asked.

"Pretty quiet right now," replied the other, inhaling deeply and blowing forth a huge

cloud of cigaret smoke. "Tell ya what, kid ... get up on the roof and ride gun for me and I'll let ya off that unloading detail. Lots of snipers in this area."

"Ding Hoo," cried the photographer with an enthusiasm that brought a look of astonishment to the driver's face. "I've yet to knock off my first Red."

But if Gomez had expected to shoot Communists, he was disappointed that day. After a few miles of uneventful bumping and sliding, the truck drew to a standstill beside a crude sign.

"This is it, kid," shouted the driver. "That's the Fifth's CP."

"Thanks, Mac," answered the corporal, swinging down to stand in the knee-deep mud. An anguished look of dismay came to Gomez's eyes as he surveyed the area. An exhausted runner paused for a moment to watch the cameraman's actions.

"Hey, buddy," called the runner, "if you're looking for the Photo Section, it's right behind the CP."

"Thanks, ace," replied Gomez, as the other

Marine entered one of the tents which formed the regimental command post.

Gathering up his gear, Gomez moved to the rear of the CP to find a group of pup tents. A Marine, stripped to the waist, was washing clothes in his steel helmet as the cameraman approached.

"Hey, Joey," called Corporal Gomez, "who's in charge of this lash-up?"

"I am, Corporal," the big Marine rose to his feet, a smile on his face as Gomez stuttered in confusion.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't . . ."

"Whoa, back her down, buddy," roared the sergeant, his hearty laughter bringing a head to the opening of a nearby pup tent. "I'm Master Sergeant Glenn Anderson but everyone calls me 'Pappy'. You must be from Groosky's outfit . . . how is the old bulldog?"

"He's okay," grinned Gomez with relief. "He ordered me to find the Fifth and get some footage."

"Wait'll I finish here and we'll find you a place to sleep. Nothing much going on up here right now."

"How's about setting up some shots? We could fake a battle and . . ."

"Down, boy," laughed Sergeant Anderson, hanging several pairs of socks across the top of a pup tent. "Take a strain, kid. You'll get action and plenty of it."

Shortly, Corporal Gomez found himself installed in a tent with another corporal. The other Marine, a lanky still-photographer from Texas, greeted him with a roar.

"Okay, the rest of you bulb-burners can go home now," he shouted. "Young Jose Gomez has come to shoot this war."

"Someone has to get some good pix," replied the doughty Gomez. "Ain't seen anything worthwhile out of you guys yet."

Amid a howl of derision, the young corporal hauled off his mud-caked shoes to crawl gratefully into his sleeping bag only to be immediately called out again by Pappy Anderson.

"Hey, tiger," bellowed the sergeant, "get out here. I want to show you our main line of resistance."

"That's my meat," answered Gomez, pushing his feet into his combat boots. "Wait'll I get my 'eyemo'."

Soon the two Leathernecks were trudging down the road to the MLR. Groups of Marines, their face showing the ravages of combat, called greetings to big Sergeant Anderson, and he seemed to know them all by name as he called back to the infantrymen.

"Take a look down those slopes," said Pappy, pointing toward the shell-torn terrain before the Marine position. "That area is all rigged with trip-flares set up by patrols. If an enemy comes within two thousand yards of this position, he's bound to trip a flare. . . .

then all hell breaks loose. There ain't anything out there but Communists."

Suddenly, Pappy shoved his companion into a nearby fox hole.

"Down, kid, Keep your head down," ordered the big sergeant.

"What's happening?" asked Gomez, trying to peer over the sergeant's protecting shoulder.

"Mortar barrage," snapped the other.

"What? Let me get my camera rolling," shouted Gomez, trying to scramble to his feet.

"Knock it off, hero," growled Pappy, "or I'll ram that camera down your throat."

Even as he spoke, the first Communist mortar shells exploded on the Marine position. Blast after blast rocked the area, sending huge spouts of stinking mud and deadly chunks of steel flying everywhere. Then, from some hidden position behind them, came the counter fire of a Marine mortar section.

For a while, the furious mortar duel raged savagely, then suddenly all was still. Somewhere, almost startling, a bird began to sing.

"Okay, Gomez," Pappy Anderson struggled to his feet and helped Gomez up. "It's all over."

"Why didn't you let me get some footage?" demanded the cameraman, indignantly. "You guys are too worried about your own skin to . . ."

"Hold it, chicken," interrupted the big sergeant. "I've got something else to show you." Pappy Anderson led the still sputtering Gomez to a spot where a Navy Corpsman was busy with a casualty.

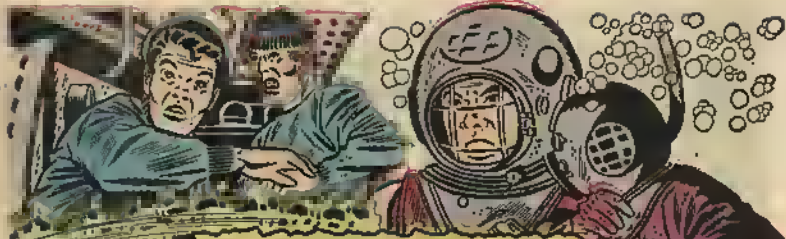
For a moment, Gomez stared at the withering figure covered by a camouflaged Marine poncho, and suddenly, overcome with curiosity, lifted the gayly patterned rain cape.

Gomez's face was a study of emotions as he viewed the shrapnel-torn figure lying in the blood-stained mud. Even as Pappy watched, the cameraman's hands shook, and suddenly forcing the "eyemo" into his sergeant's hands, Gomez turned away and was sick.

"Come on, Gomez," snarled the sergeant in an attempt to snap the corporal out of his shakes. "This is combat. Let's get that 'eyemo' rolling."

Reluctantly, Gomez set up his equipment and with nerveless fingers started operations. Pappy Anderson shook his head, regretfully. He knew Gomez was "shook." He'd never be a combat photographer. Gently, he removed the camera from the corporal's unprotesting fingers and led him back to their own section.

Corporal Jose Gomez tried to take good stuff but always there appeared before him that torn form under a blood-stained poncho. His attempts to produce combat footage afterwards were followed with the report from the lab in Washington. . . . SHAKY.



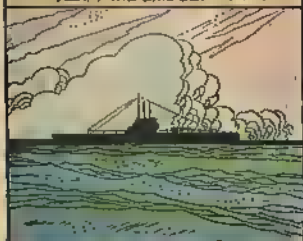
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE SEASURF BECAME A STEEL COFFIN FORTY FATHOMS DOWN. THIRTY FIVE TRAPPED MEN HAD BUT A SINGLE HOPE: THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON THE NAVY DIVERS. IN THEIR HANDS, WAS LIFE OR COLD...

DEEP DEATH



BY PETE HARRIS

IT WAS TO BE HER LAST TRIAL DIVE WITH A SKELETON CREW. THUS, THE NEWLY BUILT SEASURF HAD ABOARD ONLY THIRTY FIVE OF HER FULL COMPLEMENT OF FIFTY-SIX MEN. HER DIESELS THROBBED RHYTHMICALLY AND DREW GREAT BREATHS THROUGH THE HUGE AIR INDUCTION FUNNEL JUST AHEAD THE BRIDGE.



ON THE BRIDGE THE SEASURF'S COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PAUL NAGEL, STOOD ENTHRALLED BY THE RHYTHMIC POWER OF THE VESSEL. THEN HE TURNED TO ENSIGN JOHN BENTON WHO WAS BESIDE HIM.

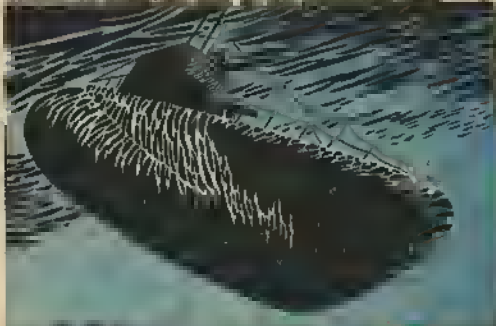
RIG FOR DIVING, BENTON.



LIEUTENANT NAGEL WENT BELOW ONE BY ONE HIS ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT. NOW ALL LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL BOARD... THE "CHRISTMAS TREE" WERE GREEN... ALL VENTS AND VALVES WERE CLOSED.



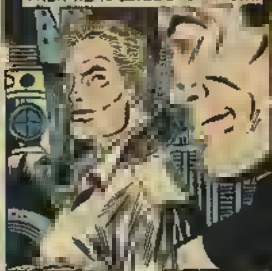
EVERYTHING WAS READY. THE DIESELS WERE SHUT OFF AND THE VESSEL NOW SWITCHED TO HER ELECTRIC MOTORS, FED BY GREAT STORAGE BATTERIES. THE SEA SURF HAD BEGUN HER DIVE.



AT FIFTY FEET NAGEL LOOKED UP FROM HIS STOP WATCH AND GRINNED AT LIEUTENANT HARVEY KANE, SECOND IN COMMAND.

A NICE DIVE, HARVEY. PREPARE TO LEVEL OFF.

YES, SIR.



THE CREW SETTLED DOWN TO ITS ROUTINE. UNDER THE ENGINE ROOM WERE THE ELECTRIC MOTORS AND THE BATTERY PITS. ELECTRICIANS STARTED CHECKING THE BATTERIES IN THE STERN.



AS THE SUBMARINE LEVELED OFF LIEUTENANT NAGEL TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE PERISCOPE. HE WAS A CONTENTED MAN THAT DAY. HE COMMANDED THE NATION'S NEWEST SUBMARINE, AND WHEN THE TESTS WERE OVER HE WOULD HAVE A HOLIDAY, QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR A MAN NOT YET THIRTY.



WHAT WAS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW SIR!

WHAM!

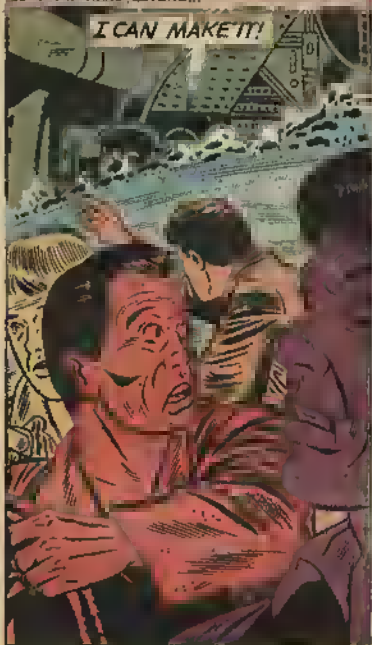
TAKE 'ER UP SIR! THE INDUCTION VALVES ARE OPEN! THE ENGINE ROOM IS FLOODING FAST!!

GOOD HEAVENS!

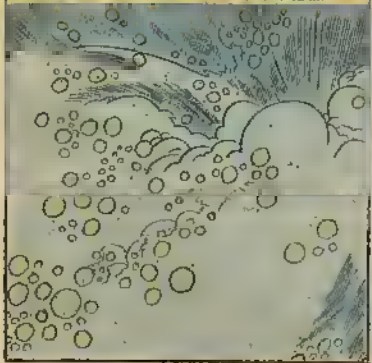


THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS SENT THE SEA FLOODING INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. FRANTICALLY THE MEN WORKED AT THE HAND LEVERS...

I CAN MAKE IT!



IMMEDIATELY NAGEL ISSUED THE ORDER TO BLOW OUT ALL BALLAST. THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COMPRESSED AIR ROARED AND WHIPPED OUT THE WATER OF THE BALLAST TANKS...

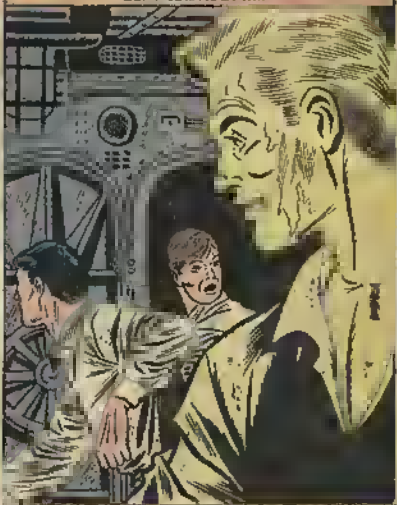


NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON... THE MEN OF THE ENGINE ROOM LEFT THEIR STATIONS AND RUSHED FOR THE WATERTIGHT DOOR TO THE FORWARD GALLEY, STRAINING EVERY DUNCE OF STRENGTH THEY HELD THE DOOR AGAINST THE WATER'S WEIGHT...

**HURRY! HURRY!
SHE'S GOING DOWN!**



AND ONE STEP AHEAD OF DEATH THE MEN FROM THE ENGINE AND MOTOR ROOMS REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM...



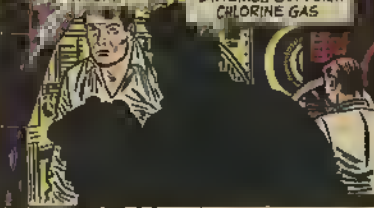
BUT THE GRIM TRUTH SOON MADE ITSELF KNOWN WITH SICKENING FINALITY. COMPRESSED AIR COULD NOT OFFSET THE RUSHING IN OF THE WATER, AND THE SEASURE STERN FIRST SLID TO THE BOTTOM, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE!



ALL FROM THE STERN WERE ACCOUNTED FOR. NOW LIEUTENANT NAGEL PLACED THE PHONE HEADPIECE ON HIS HEAD. ALTHOUGH THE LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURN OFF TO PREVENT DISASTER, THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM RAN BY SEPARATE BATTERIES... NAGEL CALLED THE FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM...

ALL SAFE HERE, SIR
ALL DRY, ALLS WELL
FORWARD BATTERY ROOM

HAVE BATTERY ROOM MEN. MOVE INTO THE TORPEDO ROOM. WET BATTERIES CAN FORM CHLORINE GAS



ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THIRTY-FIVE MEN WAITED THE ENDLESS HOURS IN THE BITTER COLD, WITH ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY OF AIR, WOULD RESCUE COME? AND IF RESCUERS REACHED THEM... WHAT THEN? THE NAVY HAD ACTED QUICKLY WHEN THE SEASERF DID NOT RETURN. NAVY VESSELS AND PLANES SEARCHED THE SEA, FOUND THE FLARES SHOT UP BY THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. NOW THE SALVAGE SHIP LONE EAGLE PLOWED THE SEAS.



IT WAS 11:00 A.M. OF THE MORNING FOLLOWING THE SINKING THAT THE LONE EAGLE ANCHORED NEAR THE FLARES THAT HAD BEEN SENT UP DEEP LINES OF WORRY WERE ETCHED IN THE FACE OF FRANK S. BENTON, THE LONE EAGLE'S COMMANDER.

YOU GO DOWN FIRST, OWEN. THEN YOU, HUGHES. TRY TO MAKE SOME KIND OF CONTACT.

WE'LL USE MORSE CODE WITH A LEAD HAMMER. IF THEY SENT FLARES UP, SOME WERE SAFE.



LATER THERE WOULD BE MANY EXPERT DIVERS ON THE SCENE. BUT TODAY THE BURDEN RESTED ON FOUR MEN. GEORGE HUGHES, YOUNGEST, 22, HAD NEVER BEEN IN DEEP WATER, NOT IN TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET. COULD HE STAND IT?

I'VE GOT TO! I'VE GOT TO STAND IT! THEY NEED JONES AND M'ANDREWS FOR THE DIVING BELL!



HUGHES' HEAD THROBBED. HE FELT SICK. HE WONDERED IF HE WOULD BE ABLE TO STAY. ONLY THE THOUGHT OF TRAPPED MEN KEPT HIM GOING. HE DIDN'T SEE OWEN, WHO HAD GONE DOWN FIRST. HE COULD SEE LITTLE OF ANYTHING. HIS LIGHT GLIMMERED ONLY DIMLY THROUGH THE MURKY WATER. THEN HE FELT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET...



HUGHES PHONED TO THE SURFACE. HE WAS ON THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. HE COULD NOT SEE OWENS, BUT HE COULD FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HIS HAMMER TAPPING ON THE DECK. INSTINCTIVELY HE COULD SEE THE MASS OF THE CONNING TOWER. HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG, TAPPING MORSE CODE. ONE STRIKE FOR A DOT, TWO FOR A DASH...



THROUGH MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF ANNOYING WAITING THE MEN IN THE SEASER COULD ONLY HOPE AND BELIEVE... WITH THE FAITH OF NAVY MEN IN THE NAVY... THEN SOUND CAME TO THEIR EARS... TAR... TAR... TAP-TAP... THEN...

THANK GOD!



ARE YOU OK, LONE
EAGLE TOP SIDE



OWENS, ON THE BOTTOM, HAD RIGGED A SOUNDING BODY TO THE SEASER. NOW THE LONE EAGLE'S SIGNAL MAN HEARD THE TAP-TAP OF HAGEL'S REPLY



OK BUT COLD AND
AIR FOUL

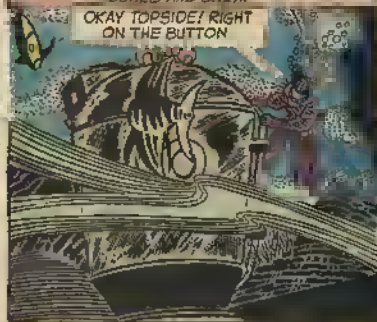


GUIDING WIRES TO THE SUBMARINE WERE FASTENED DOWN BY HUGHES AND OWEN THEN AT LAST



LIKE A GREAT PLANET SINKING IN THE SEA THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL DROPPED SLOWLY INTO SIGHT OF UGHES AND OWEN.

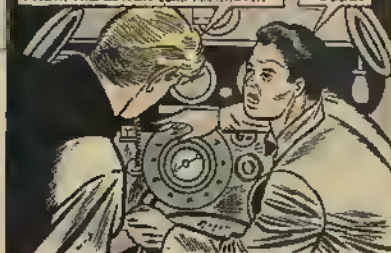
OKAY TOPSIDE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON



THE WORK OF HUGHES AND OWEN WAS COMPLETE. NOW, INSIDE THE HUGE ESCAPE BELL, ED M'ANDREW, WORKED THE AIR PRESSURE VALVES.

THE NECK IS RIGHT OVER THE HATCH, ED, RAISE THE AIR PRESSURE NOW AND WE'LL BLOW THE WATER FROM THE LOWER COMPARTMENT!

OKAY, SAM... HERE IT GOES!



OPENING THE DOOR IN THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCAPE BELL, JONES LET HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE LOWER COMPARTMENT. ON THE VERY TOP OF THE SEASER'S DECK, TREMENDOUS PRESSURE KEPT THE GREAT GASKET TIGHT AGAINST THE SUBMARINE.

I'LL LOCK HER DOWN AND OPEN THE HATCH NOW ED

SURE HOPE WERE NOT TOO LATE!



AND THEN...

HOW'S THE WEATHER DOWN THERE?

WHO COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT BUT THE NAVY! NEEDLESS TO SAY YOU'RE A WELCOME SIGHT!



THE FIRST LOAD WAS ON ITS WAY UP SEVEN MEN BESIDES JONES AND M'ANDREWS. THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH, THEY HAD BEEN TOO CLOSE TO DEATH TO FEEL ELATED, THERE WAS JUST THE THANKFULNESS THAT SHOWED IN THEIR FACES, AND THE LOOK OF RELAXATION...



THEN THE FIRST SURVIVORS REACHED THE DECK. THE DEEP LINES OF COMMANDER FRANK BENTON'S FACE STRETCHED INTO A BROAD SMILE. IT WAS THEN AND ONLY THEN THAT THE CREW OF THE LONE EAGLE REALIZED...

MY BOY! MY BOY!

DAD! IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU! I WONDERED IF I EVER WOULD AGAIN!



FOUR TRIPS WERE MADE, THEN ON THE FIFTH, WITH THE LAST OF THE SURVIVORS, IT HAPPENED. ONE OF THE GUIDED CABLES SNAPPED...



OWEN WAS TO START SALVAGE WORK ON THE NEXT DAY. HE HAD GONE BELOW. ON DECK WAS ONLY THE YOUNGSTER GEORGE HUGHES...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AGAIN, GEORGE. TRY TO UNSNARL THAT GUIDE WIRE, WE CAN'T RAISE THE BELL!



DOWN AND DOWN... UNTIL HE REACHED THE GREAT BELL THAT HELD NINE LIVES, HUGHES STRUGGLED AGAINST THE PRESSURE, AND AGAINST THE PHYSICAL STRAIN... AND AGAINST THE TANGLED MESS OF CABLES...

SHE WON'T BUDGE! TOPSIDE I CAN'T MOVE THE CABLE!!



THE MEN ABOVE WERE AT A POINT OF DECISION. DARED THEY CUT THE OTHER CABLE AND LET THE BELL SWING FREE? COULD THE SINGLE STRAND HOLD THE WEIGHT UNTIL THE MEN COULD ESCAPE? THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER. A KNIFE WAS LET DOWN TO HUGHES... A POWER WINCH TURNED...

THAT DID IT, TOPSIDE!



MY SUITS TORN! MY SUITS TORN!



THERE WAS NO TIME TO ALLOW FOR RECOMPRESSION. IN A MOMENT HUGHES WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED TO JELLY BY THE AWFUL PRESSURE BELOW. THEY HAILED HIM UP...

QUICK! GET HIM TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER!



HUGHES WAS HURRIED TO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER ABOARD THE LONE EAGLE. ONLY PROMPT ACTION COULD SAVE HIM FROM DEATH... OR CRIPPLING PARALYSIS FROM THE DREADED 'BENDS'. FINALLY... THE LAST OF THE MEN BEARDED THE RESCUE VESSEL...

THE WORK OF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY, COMMANDER BENTON. NOT A MAN LOST!

AND NOW IF I COULD ASK ONE MORE FAVOR, I'D LIKE TO PUT THROUGH A CALL ON THE SHIP TO SHORE PHONE.

OF COURSE



YOU SEE I'M TO BE MARRIED... AND I WANT TO TELL MY FIANCEE THAT THERE'LL BE NO CHANGE IN PLANS!



SALVAGE OF THE SEASERF WAS TO TAKE MONTHS OF GRUELLING WORK AND DANGER. BUT A FEW WEEKS LATER THE CREW OF BOTH THE LONE EAGLE AND THE SEASERF FOUND TIME TO ATTEND LIEUTENANT NAGLE'S WEDDING TO NANCY HADLEY. AND ONE OF THE USHERS AT THE WEDDING WAS GEORGE HUGHES, THROUGH WHOM COURAGE AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WEDDING WAS MADE POSSIBLE.

THE END

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What's a "black man" in the blackhead... according to men and girls popint enough to be phony about dates!

"Nobody'ndreambent!" "Nobody'ndain
brut!" And thnt'n not all thnt' said of
those who oin sainnt'n about blackheads.
But blmkhndn ARE ngl! Blckheadn
ARE gntm! And they DON'T look good
in place-upt!

So can yin blinn the inlow who myn,
"Svin, I ment loin ol glin who look nlin
it brat blinn. Bnt il, on thnt record
glince, I nec dingy blinckhead, it's good
nick!"

On inn yon blinman the gill who con-
lances, "I hahn to go out with a fellow
who hns blackhead. I h's naveln about
that yon'an inn h'n'll embntenn you in
gith mays, too!"

And you—nin YOUR nra bringin! Will, you've nampy nnd, and to my, good company. There nre lot of othen nre altatative h lown nnd glinwho nould dnin anyone they likn if they'd only nntis: how offmiven blinnkheads nin . . . and how entily nnd quickly they could act rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . inper n! track, games, sports of all kind! . . . who thinks that after just n shower h! n ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admiran him moseion!

Snin they would! But not many days
down are net up for birdin' sake! You
naw't show off your snappy lil' hook when
only takes are in the tin. The "hi-man"
who's also disco-sul, will get the breaks
wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Early, too early, in a girl in think that it
 ain't the latest in clothes and hair do
 n't needn't bother about blackheads. A
 little more make-up, in a gumpass, will take
 care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T
 HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's
 plain of pore, mybel And even good
 make-up "rips" in a dream! So don't think
 blackness, into though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Estimate every blinkhand is upon
as you see it — with a SAFE contrac-
tor. Don't let anger ruin. Don't
argue. That may mean infection.

Just be nice! Be gentle And be
kind! Don't be nasty! And that's ALL!



Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in *Seconds* with
VACUTEX

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC
VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX in printouts...
nnn... Just in seconds you can rid of
those ugly blemishes that clog the pores
... make your skin look shiny and dingy
... give others more winning impressions
of you. VACUTEX removes gentle yet
instantly pleases around the blemish and re-
stores it - quickly! - without injury to tender
skin tissues. Keep risk always low
thin new nontoxic way. With-
out painful squeezing! Without
dangerous irritation from getting
fingered! Just plus VACUTEX
over blemish and do a bril-
liant job. Blemish no
Simple! But you'll be de-
lighted by your instantly im-
proved appearance. Others
will notice your radiant
glow. Thin! Try VACU-
TEX - now!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW!**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

[illegible]

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

PACKED PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 51,
18 West 44th St., New York 18, N.Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX

_____ posted _____

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay premium \$1.00 plus
postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

સાચું જીવન

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SOBBY NO CO.D OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

BEYOND THE POWER, BEYOND THE SPEED FASTER THAN SOUND, BEYOND THE DANGER, DEATH WAS LURKING SOMEWHERE IN THE JET'S THOUSANDS OF PARTS. AND JACK CORNELL HAD THE CONTRACT TO PILOT HER IN...

JET TEST



CHARLEY BONDY TOOK THE FIRST ONE UP SHE WAS A HONEY, SLEEK AND TRIM, WITH HER JET ENGINES ROARING THEIR CHALLENGE TO GRAVITY! CHARLEY HAD WATCHED HER FROM THE DRAWING BOARD TO THE FINISHED PRODUCT. NOW HE THRILLED TO HER PERFORMANCE.

THESE TEST FLIGHTS ALWAYS GIVE ME THE JITTERS!

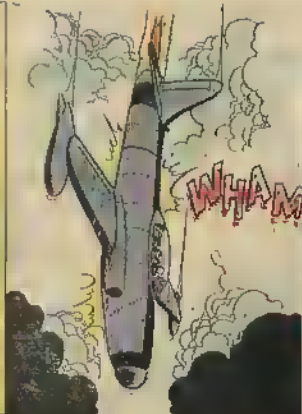
NOT THIS BABY, THIS JET'S A SURE THING! YOU'LL SEE!

UP AND UP ROARED THE JET. UNTIL BONDY COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE ALTIMETER. SHE WAS UP TO FORTY THOUSAND FEET AND STILL CLIMBING...

AT FORTY-THREE THOUSAND FEET THE CRAFT REACHED HER CEILING, AND BALKED FALLING BACK, SLIPPING AND WHIPPING CRAZILY ABOUT... LIKE A MAPLE LEAF SWEEPED BY THE FALL WINDS...

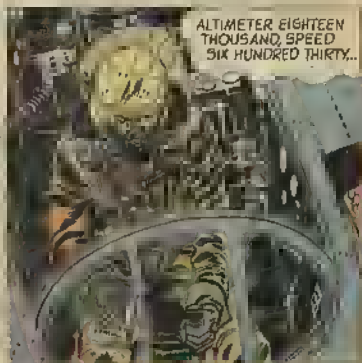


THEN SHE NOSED DOWNWARD AND IN THE GRIP OF GRAVITY WENT HURLING STRAIGHT DOWN!... UNTIL IN HER AWFUL SPEED SHE BROKE THE SOUND BARRIER, AND THE ROUGHLY DISPLACED AIR HAMMERED HER SIDES LIKE A GIANT HYDRAULIC PRESS...



DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN IN A STRAIGHT LINE, WHILE, NERVELESS CHARLEY BONDY JOTTED NOTES...

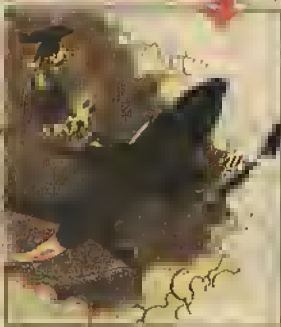
ALTIMETER EIGHTEEN THOUSAND, SPEED SIX HUNDRED THIRTY...



THERE CAME THE MOMENT OF LEVELING OFF. THEN IF EVER, BONDY'S LIFE DEPENDED ON THE MANUFACTURER. AS THE CRAFT BROKE FROM THE PERPENDICULAR FLIGHT, THE WEIGHT OF BOTH MAN AND MACHINE INCREASED TEN TIMES...

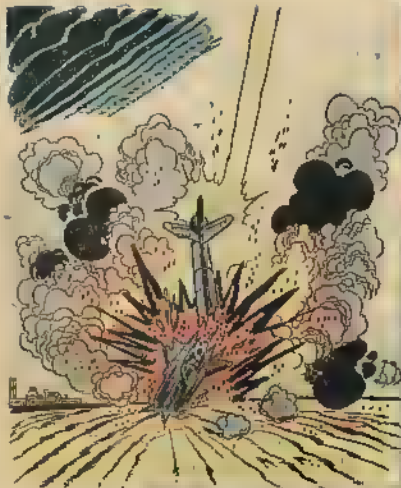


THEN THE INTERCEPTOR SHUDDERED IN MID-AIR, AND THE WINGS CRUMBLED LIKE PAPER! SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT!



FROM THAT MOMENT THERE WAS NO CONTROL OF THE JET. BONDY STRUGGLED TO JUMP, BUT HE COULD NOT MOVE...





IT WAS JACK CORNELL, FAMOUS TEST PILOT, WHO TOOK THE CONTRACT FOR ANOTHER TEST OF A NEW INTERCEPTOR. HIS FIRST ACT WAS TO CONFER WITH MILTON REDFAN, THE CHIEF ENGINEER...

I WANT TO START THE JOB AT THE BEGINNING, REDFAN, GO THROUGH THE WHOLE PAPER JOB.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK CORNELL

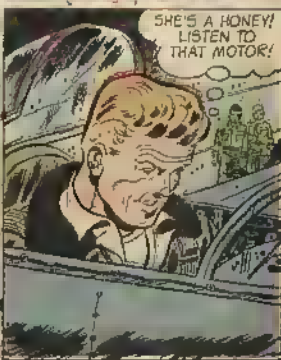
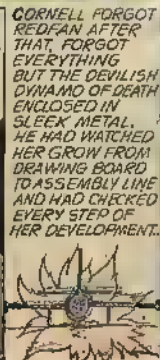
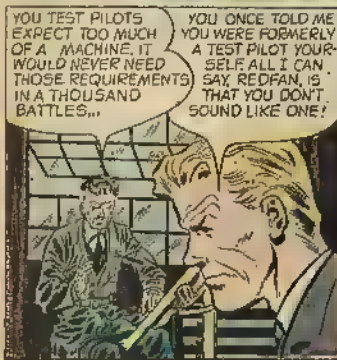


YOU TEST PILOTS EXPECT TOO MUCH OF A MACHINE. IT WOULD NEVER NEED THOSE REQUIREMENTS IN A THOUSAND BATTLES...

YOU ONCE TOLD ME YOU WERE FORMERLY A TEST PILOT YOURSELF ALL I CAN SAY, REDFAN, IS THAT YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ONE!

CORNELL FORGOT REDFAN AFTER THAT, FORGOT EVERYTHING BUT THE DEVILISH DYNAMO OF DEATH ENCLOSED IN SLEEK METAL. HE HAD WATCHED HER GROW FROM DRAWING BOARD TO ASSEMBLY LINE AND HAD CHECKED EVERY STEP OF HER DEVELOPMENT.

SHE'S A HONEY! LISTEN TO THAT MOTOR!



JACK CORNELL REMOVED THE BLOCKS FROM THE WHEELS AND TAXIED BACK AND FORTH, ACROSS THE FIELD.



THEN AT LAST, AFTER HOURS OF GROUND RUNNING, CORNELL TOOK THE CRAFT TO THE RUNWAY...

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BABY I DON'T LIKE.



I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT IS. REC-FAN, I CAN'T PUT A FINGER ON IT. BUT I GET A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT. MAYBE THE WINGS...



IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION. MY FIGURES DON'T LIE AND I DESIGNED THAT WING CONSTRUCTION. THE WINGS STAY AS THEY ARE!

A TEST PILOT, AMONG OTHER THINGS, MUST BE TACTFUL, AND JACK CORNELL USED EVERY REASON WITHIN HIM, THEN...



YOU'RE TRYING TO DISCREDIT ME, CORNELL, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! THAT JET STAYS AS IT IS!



CORNELL HAD A SIXTH SENSE HUNCH AND HIS HUNCHES NEVER LET HIM DOWN, SO HE DID SOMETHING HE'D NEVER DONE BEFORE...

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY! THEN YOU'RE GOING UP, TOO!

GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME!

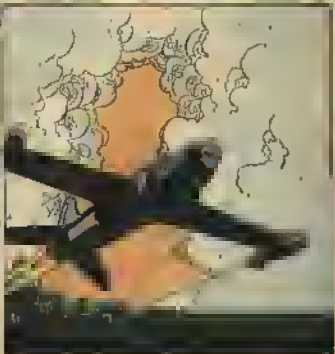


THIS IS YOUR LAST CONTRACT CORNELL WITH THIS OR ANY OTHER COMPANY!

I'M TAKING MY CHANCES! NOW UP YOU!



IN A MOMENT CORNELL HAD FASTENED REC-FAN IN THE PLACE NORMALLY USED BY THE RADAR ENGINEER. NOW HE GUNNED THE MOTORS. THE SUPER-POWERED JET ROARED ANGRILY AND TOOK OFF...



WITH A BURST OF POWER, THE INTERCEPTOR CLIMBED IN A SPIRAL THAT WAS ALMOST PERPENDICULAR UPWARD, HIGHER AND HIGHER WITH EACH BELCH OF FLAME FROM HER POWERFUL JET ENGINE,...



EASE DOWN CORNELL!
DO YOU HEAR?
EASE DOWN!!

LISTEN, CORNELL!
DON'T DIVE! SHE'LL
CRACK-UP!... I
KNOW SHE WILL!

CORNELL! YOU
WERE RIGHT!
THERE'S A
FLAW IN THE
WINGS! THERE
IS A FLAW...



CORNELL EASED SLOWLY OUT OF THE DIVE, CUT THE SPEED, THEN LET THE CRAFT SETTLE LIGHTLY AS A BIRD.



BOYS GRAB THIS
MAD MAN! HE'S
GONE COMPLETELY
OUT OF HIS MIND!

DON'T BE
FOOLISH, YOU
MEN CALL
MR. WHITE!





MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, REDFAN? CORNELL?

THIS MAN IS CRAZY! AND DANGEROUS. HE FORCED ME INTO A TEST PLANE. DROVE ME THROUGH A DIVE!



I DON'T GET IT, JACK. WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I SUGGEST THAT YOU HAVE THE FBI MAKE A SECURITY CHECK ON REDFAN, AND ALL THE KEY JOBS WITH WHICH HE'S CONNECTED.



SEND SOME COMPANY GUARDS HERE AT ONCE... ALSO CALL THE POLICE...

OH, NO! YOU DON'T HAUL ME OVER THE COALS!

I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

YES, MR. WHITE... RIGHT



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, REDFAN. NOT TILL WE GET A LINE ON YOU!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CORNELL!

CRACK!



THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU!



A MOMENT LATER... YOU CALLED MR. WHITE!

HOLD REDFAN AND CORNELL FOR POLICE QUESTIONING!

INVESTIGATION PROVED THE CORRECTNESS OF JACK CORNELL'S HUNCH. REDFAN SECRETLY HAD BEEN A COMMUNIST FOR YEARS AND HAD PLACED OTHER COMMUNISTS IN KEY JOBS. THUS ALMOST UNDETECTABLE FLAWS IN CONSTRUCTION CREEPT INTO THE JET PLANES--FLAWS THAT SAVE FOR BONDY'S SACRIFICE AND JACK CORNELL'S SIXTH SENSE AND COURAGE, WOULD HAVE SURELY MEANT DISASTER TO COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN!

THE END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA



NOTHING, Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Swore of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odor! Nature may be warning you of approaching sickness. Head Nerve's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-bringing bacteria, living on your itchy scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kill these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Remove itching inflammation dandruff—fast
3. Bring rich nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stop a itchy scalp itch as it burns—instantly
5. Stop itching scalp itching action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your itchy scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and keeps the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more plentiful and alive.

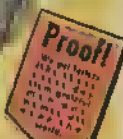
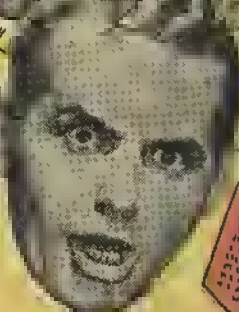
We don't ask you to believe it. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a lot of talk! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must agree all the time that we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1111 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF
HEAD
ODORS



I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I had to try. Using Ward's one week before I could not let my hair grow. I would feel my hair getting short.

E. K. Cleveland, Ohio
Out of all the hair experts I went to, I've found the most help from the bottle of Ward's Formula.
G. L. M. Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out. R. W. G. Cleveland, Ohio.
I am inclined to death with the ravages of my hair needs. Time for dandruff. W. T. W. Fresno, Calif.
I feel so encouraged to say that the formula really really works. I've been used for 2 years in the game.
J. M. K. Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back when you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only 10 days. The rest is our risk. All you do is return unused portion to the company by mail unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE

Ward Laboratories, Inc.
1111 Broadway, Dept. 60014, New York 19, N.Y.
Each Ward's Formula bottle costs \$1.00. I will pay without cash return plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or I am GUARANTEED a refund. I DO NOT pay MONEY BACK at all unless I am completely satisfied.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
☐ Check box if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same order is for bottles, all states.
APO, FPO, Canteen & Foreign add 3¢ and COD's.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "Bewitch" her with it

Bewitching

Daring
"BLACK
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring,
bewitching, enticing, thrilling . . . Just
plenty but in it . . . beautiful, in-
imitable SEE-THU sheer. Naught
but her . . . It's Faethin Fashion finely
with trick-hoo might let . . .
Gorgeously transparent yet completely
gracious! Waives like a dream . . . will
not shakle! Has just waiflike, just
absolutly simple and everything to make
her love you for it. A shimmering
Dream Girl Fashion . . . In Faethin
Black.

Calloused! Amazed! It just may be!

DEAR MR. FAETHIN DIRT, 25
311 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown in
1135. It has lovely color! I'll return
within 10 days for full refund.

I will return 1135 cash, when you return
order, and please prepaid (I give up to
you postage). You may let it be
black too?

I will pay postage 91.11 for post-
age. Check me please:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(I will let it be for the long time-
made light and white.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

**Heaven
Sent**

Oriental Magic



Girl of the gods at the Arabian Nights
comes this glamorous sheer Hiss,
pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring,
irresistible, titillating. She'll thrill in the
sheer, clinging when exposed what she
will give her. She'll love for its in-
imitable but too dream world of adac-
tion costume old. Briefly, she's
too glassy, too light to let her
bees midlife. Doubled at the way she
it's perfect woman for women with.
Following these bottoms for the
lure of Hiss. She'll adore you. On
this theme, wearing Dream Girl Fash-
ion. In every sheer black.

See! She's beautiful at your party! Look.

DEAR MR. FAETHIN DIRT, 25
311 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me HEAVEN GIRL gown in
1135. It has lovely color! I'll return
within 10 days for full refund.

I will return 1135 cash, when you return
order, and please prepaid (I give up to
you postage). You may let it be
black too?

I will pay postage 91.11 for post-
age. Check me please:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(I will let it be for the long time-
made light and white.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

**Black
Sorcery**



Daring
Bare-back
She'll be
entranced
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite
blend of refinement, charm, femininity
and intelligence in this sheer, bewitching,
daring, black, sheer gown.
In delicate, inimitable black, with
like a dream will not shakle. With it
bears, with this classic design, halts
neck that the of under it the black at
a flap. Lushly, lushly, lushly
and black-top bottom. She'll love you for
this theme, wearing Dream Girl Fash-
ion. In every sheer black.

See! She's beautiful at your party! Look.

DEAR MR. FAETHIN DIRT, 25
311 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me BLACK SORCERY gown in
1135. It has lovely color! I'll return
within 10 days for full refund.

I will return 1135 cash, when you return
order, and please prepaid (I give up to
you postage). You may let it be
black too?

I will pay postage 91.11 for post-
age. Check me please:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(I will let it be for the long time-
made light and white.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SAVE 70%

SACRIFICE SALE! SWISS WATCHES

FORCED TO RAISE CASH! CREDITORS DEMAND PAYMENT!

It is not right for us to stand back QUICH to any one bill. Our creditors want to get paid demand payment NOW. Our customers on your LUCKS BEHOLD! See some 200000 on these wonderful watches that have been saved! Where else did you see get such bargain?

Remember every one needs a watch. It is not a luxury item. It is a necessity. Every one needs a watch. It is not a luxury item. It is a necessity. Every one needs a watch. It is not a luxury item. It is a necessity.

TAKE YOUR PICK

TRY AT OUR RISK!

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 189-N-100
179 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.**

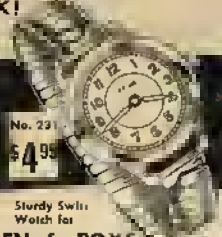
**Date changes
in window
every
day**



No. 236
\$6.95

Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.



No. 231
\$4.95

Sturdy Swiss Watch for MEN & BOYS

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.



No. 256
\$6.88

Tell time Gives DATE

CALENDAR WATCH

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.

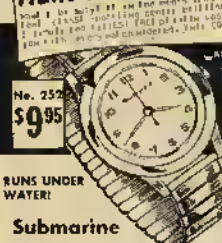


No. 260
\$6.97

DROP IT! RANG IT!

SHOCK RESISTANT WATCH

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.



No. 252
\$9.95

RUNS UNDER WATER! Submarine Water-Protected Watch

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.



No. 203
\$7.98

12 Pseudo Rubies and DIAMONDS "The Millionaire" ARISTOCRAT

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.

GUARANTEE EXCLUSIVE OF PARTS!

U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, 179 West 33rd St. Dept. 189-N-100 New York 1, N.Y.

It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH. It is worth with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH.

No. 204 - \$4.95 No. 251 - \$4.95 No. 254 - \$4.95 No. 260 - \$6.97 No. 252 - \$9.95 No. 203 - \$7.98

Chronograph Simply Swiss Calendar Calendar Shock Resistant Submarine

Name _____ Street & State _____

Enclosed \$ _____

Enclosed \$ _____

new figure mold HIDE-A-WAIST

17 Sensational Features

Streamline Your Waist

Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that unbecoming lumpy bulge and clumsy warstlin' . . . AND instead . . . enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-chango — like magic you have graceful flowing curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that deflect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shepely no matter what angle . . . sit, bend, stand or walk with grace. Stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

ADJUSTABLE To Tailor-Made Fit

The adjustable features allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practically made to order for your figure. Gives you poise and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure.

You get the support you need with unbreakable control. The specially designed concave elastic permits HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at its value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST . . . BUT . . . when you try it on and see your new self, you'll be the beautiful girl in the world. You'll look as fine and graceful as a better-known nymph. Order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and not available to other Order until without risk. You may be 100% satisfied or we refund your money. Comfort fits up to 30. The introductory price is offered a bargain. Sizes up to 30 only \$2.98, plus postpaid. Size 35 and over. One Dollar extra. 150¢ extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.

ONLY
2.98
2 FOR
\$5.95

**S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. H-679,
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.**

With my new HIDE-A-WAIST I'm in on it all once. If I am not thrilled by it I will return it with 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Size . . . (waist size in inches).

- Also need . . . (size of elastic garters) at only 50¢ per pair of four.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay person on delivery either in full or in part.
☐ I authorize payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay on my behalf.

NAME
ADDRESS



HIDE-A-WAIST
Back View



You will look charmingly chic in your new HIDE-A-WAIST. Your thrilling waistline will add new glamor to your favorite frocks. . . you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.

10 DAY TRIAL FREE!

NOTE Fashion has emphasized the streamlined waist. An up to the minute when you parade your pretty self . . . order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear it 10 days FREE end, if not delighted, return for prompt refund of full purchase price. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry coupon.